DEDICATED TO SUN

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTENING CEREMONY OF THE HOPI.

Mother and Female Relatives, with the High Priest of the Clan, Alone Participate in the Formalities Observed.

The christening of a child is one of the most beautiful and impressive of the many religious ceremonials of the Hopi, an Indian tribe who still survive in the great desert of Arizona. For 19 days after the birth, the mother and child are kept indoors, and not a ray of sunlight is permitted to enter their room. At dawn of the twentieth day, the mother, arrayed in her bridal robes and accompanied by all her female relatives, walks to the very edge of the cliff, the desert lying hundreds of feet below. The grandmother carries the child and holds it until the time of the christening ceremony, while the mother and the other women form a half circle round her, all facing the east.

Just before the sun appears, a high priest of the clan to which the mother belongs, marches toward the waiting group and confers with the young mother and grandmother. The different women of the party have each selected a name for the little one—no commonplace or meaningless names such as civilized babies are burdened with, but poetic phrases typifying some nature element or living thing, such as "Rushing Water," "Fleet Antelope," or "Golden Butterfly." The mother now takes the child, while the grandmother sprinkles a little cornmeal on its face and blows puffs of it toward the four points of the compass. Then, taking two ears of corn, she extends them toward the east, bringing them back with a circular motion and allowing them to rest for a moment on the child's breast.

The group, standing motionless and silent, now awaits the appearance of the sun, and when it rises majestically above the horizon of the trackless waste, the mother, with outstretched arms, lifts her child toward the glorious orb of day, while the priest calls out in a loud voice: "I consecrate thee to the God of Life!" and all the women shriek in unison the names that have been chosen; for each has the right to choose. This ends the simple and significant ceremony, and the mother afterward selects the name that pleases her most, which remains the child's name until it has developed into manhood or womanhood, when it is initiated into the society of its clan and receives the name it carries through life.

A Notable Chef.

"The old-fashioned cook thought only of his cooking; the modern cook seeks to provide light and healthy food suited to the stomach," said M. Auguste Escoffier, in reply to the salutations of his confreres at the Cafe Monico on the occasion of a supper in honor of his professional jubilee. Born at Villeneuve Loubet in 1845, Mr. Escoffier entered his uncle's restaurant in 1859 and went afterward to the Moulin Rouge, in Paris, until the war of 1870. As chef to the general staff in Metz he suffered capture, but, managing to escape, he became chef to Marshal MacMahon until the end of the war, when he returned to Paris. His latest encounter with the Germans was on board the Hohenzollern, when the present kaiser was so pleased that he presented him with a diamond pin, remarking: "They may say what they like; no one cooks like a Frenchman."

The American Girl.

Many others besides Mr. Henry James have remarked upon the absurd position held in American society by young women. The ruinous indulgence of children ought at least to be confined to the home circle and not be carried into a world where age, intelligence and experience should have precedence and should form the standards. The reversal of values, so as to make the debutante the point of interest in a social season instead of the accomplished matron, is as though society should have foresworn its functions. This would be true even were the manners of the debutante all that they should be in deference, suavity and tact. The experience of Washington, where society is fairly representative, goes to show that much is still to be desired in these respects in the general education of American girls.—Editorial in Century Magazine.

Thornless Roses.

This is the day in which old adages are being relegated to the scrap heap, and the one about every rose having its thorn will now have to give way before the advance of science. It seems that a woman, Mrs. W. J. Beggs of Seattle, Wash., has succeeded in producing this prickless variety. For years she was neighbor of Luther Burbank, the California wizard; each tried to produce the thornless rose, but without success. Then Mrs. Beggs concluded that the trouble lay in the climate, and she moved to Seattle where she succeeded in producing a flower of great beauty and of a fragrance which is second to that of none of the roses which grow. The stem is smooth like that of a lily.—Pathfinder.

Beethoven's Last Days.

Beethoven had troubles besides the scourge of deafness. Throughout his life the conduct of his brothers irked and grieved him, and when, on the death of one of them, he adopted his orphaned son, that nephew's outrageous conduct broke his heart. Then he felt the sting of poverty. Dying he would have lacked the very necessaries of a waning life had it not been for the Philharmonic society of England. The society has never boasted of the fact, but a fact it is, that a douceur of one hundred pounds sent by them to Beethoven, at his last gasp, made death less a martyrdom to the famous musician.

As a Last Resort.

Mrs. Johnson—Oh, professor, I wonder what I could do to improve my daughter's voice?

Distinguished Professor of Music—Well, I'm sure I do not know, unless you try feeding her on canary seed.

WHERE PONIES RUN WILD.

Queer Little Island Off Virginia Coast Harbors Large Numbers.

Chincoteague Island, off the coast of Virginia, and almost within sight of the steamers that pass up and down the Atlantic seaboard, is a queer little place upon which wild ponies roam at large. Land-locked by Assateague Island, a long sandy beach which extends northward beyond the Maryland boundary, Chincoteague is as thoroughly cut off from the turbulent sea as it is from the rush and turmoil of modern civilization. The island is about eight miles long and has a population of several hundred souls, who reck not of this world, says a writer. Portions of its narrow extent are wooded, but the island is largely made up of marshy glades in which the herds of ponies graze.

The number of these hardy little animals is annually decreasing, for pony pennings are held every year during the early part of August, when the herds are driven toegther by the islanders and the foals branded by their owners. Young sound stock is then selected for sale, while the older animals and weaklings, there being surprisingly few of the latter, are liberated to find a precarious living in the salt marshes and thickets of the island for another year.

The ponies are very irregular in size and as a rule are weedy and inclined to be leggy, with rough, sunburned coats. Nature has equipped them with heavy manes and tails as a protection against the swarms of mosquitoes and swamp flies that infest the coast islands. It is interesting to see a herd of ponies lined up in a marsh or thicket, standing with their heads and tails alternating and each pony switching flies from his two neighbors. At almost regular periods the end ponies will be seen to leave their exposed positions and wedge into the line.

Much uncertainty exists as to their origin. In 1649 there were but 300 horses in the Colony of Virginia, but by 1669 so many had been imported and the natural increase had been so great that they had become a burden by reason of their depredations, in consequence of which further importation was prohibited. In 1662 a tax had been laid upon horses and the owners were required by law to confine their stock between July 20 and Oct. 20. It is probable that some of the planters, to escape the expense of fencing off the ranges on the mainland, transported their herds to Chincoteague and Assateague Islands about this time, and that this was the origin of the wild horses of Chincoteague and the present-day ponies.

FACTS ABOUT THE NAVY.

Possibly One-third of Our Larger Craft Worthless for Fighting.

The widely printed assertion that Uncle Sam's is now the second naval power in the world may please patriotic pride, but the difficulty is it is not strictly true. Any real comparison of naval strength must primarily rest, not on the total number of vessels built or buildings, nor on the entire tonnage of such craft, but on the ships which are effective, judged by exacting modern standards. Thus within the next three years England will have 17 armorclads of the dreadnought or "superdreadnought" type. Germany will have 13. This country will have 10.

The bulk of the German navy is composed of ships constructed at a later date than our own. The Kaiser's fleet has comparatively few vessels that will need to be sent to the scrapheap in the near future. Not fewer than one-fourth—possibly one-third—of the larger naval craft under the American flag are regarded by competent observers as practically worthless for fighting purposes to-day. Most of them were excellent when they were built. But marine architecture moves with gigantic strides in the 20th century. It is believed that one floating fortress like the lately launched Florida could whip three or four of our older battleships.

It is the very big and very powerful ship that counts. This republic is gradually creating a respectable array of these. Its proportionate rank is far higher than it was even half a dozen years ago. But there is small use or sense in boastful proclamations which do not accord with the facts.

Death of Indian Croesus.

Charles Nason, a Yakima Indian worth approximately $300,000, died recently at his ranch in Nanum Canyon, Wash. He was the wealthiest Indian in the northwest and made his money buying and selling land in the early days. He had been for ten years farming in the rich valley where he owned 1,000 acres, and by intelligent methods had made a big success growing grain and fattening cattle. Nason's cattle when shipped to coast cities always brought the highest price.

Nason educated his two children in the public schools of Yakima County, and they are exceedingly bright compared with the average Yakima Indian. Nason's widow has assumed the ways of her white sisters, though she never attended school. The big estate together with a fine herd of thoroughbred cattle will be managed by a son who has just reached his majority. The other child, a daughter, is preparing to enter Carlisle University for a course in the higher branches of learning.

What's a Nemesis?

"Pa," said the senator's little boy, looking up from his book, "what is a 'Nemesis'?"

"A 'Nemesis,' my son," replied the senator, wearily, "is a female officeseeker that you foolishly promised to assist."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Rare Self Control.

"He's a remarkable man. When he sees an unfamiliar word he looks it up in the dictionary and finds out what it means."

"Nothing so remarkable about that."

"Yes, but he doesn't try to lug it into conversation right away."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

See Why?

"Why did you run away from your wife and enlist in the army?"

"Because I'm a lover of peace."—Cleveland Leader.

DON'T BE A SLOVEN

ABSOLUTELY NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO BE UNTIDY.

Possession of Really Brilliant Mental Power Even Cannot Exempt Possessor from Proper Care of the Person.

No man or woman is great enough to be slovenly.

I have known—and of course you have—many people who felt justified in developing their minds and ignoring their bodies, because they thought the mental was so much more important than the physical, a writer in the Colorado Springs Gazette says.

I think that is a very wrong outlook.

No mental power, however great, exempts its possessor from the care of the person.

A brilliant, slovenly person may succeed in life, but only by using twice as much force as he need have expended. He will never go so far as the man or woman who takes care to add a prepossessing appearance to a prepossessing mind.

A few months ago I was much pleased to hear that a young minister for whose brilliance I had great respect had been honored by a call from a small town where he was preaching to one of Boston's most famous and beautiful churches.

Yesterday I was saddened by hearing that his resignation had been asked and given and that he had left the church and gone back to a small parish.

And the reason was simply this: He did not keep his linen clean.

A small thing, you say?

I don't know. A very large one, I should think, if it had the power to come between the congregation and his message.

A woman in our town whose slovenliness about her dress and her person has made her a town character took the civil-service examination recently. She is as clever as she is slovenly and passed at the head of the list. She has never received an appointment. It is an open secret that her failure to do so is simply because the officials will not have a person of her disgraceful appearance in a public position.

In the college from which I was graduated the commencement part is one of the prizes for which the best students strive. In awarding it last year a girl of the highest scholarship was passed over for one who had received less excellent rank because the first girl was nothing more nor less than "sloppy." The college was not willing that a girl of untidy appearance—no matter how brilliant her mind, no matter how clever a speech she might have made—should represent it on its commencement platform.

A shopkeeper might have an excellent stock of articles, but if his window show were thick with dust and his doorway choked with litter the public would be pretty apt to pass by and go to the more attractive shop down the street, though the articles sold there were no better or even scarce as good.

Any one who thinks the contents of his mind ought to make friends and win success for him, no matter how slovenly and unattractive his person may be, is just such a shopkeeper.

The examples I have citied have been extreme cases, of course.

But on that account they are the better object lessons to remind any of us who may sometimes be careless in some slight particular that it never pays.

Paris Postman's Trip.

Extraordinary persistence has been shown by a Paris postman in trying to get what he considered to be his share of Christmas boxes. He was removed from one Paris district to another in the course of last year. At the tipping season he was allotted a share of the pooled Christmas boxes for that quarter corresponding to the time he had been at work there. But he contended that by a new resolution of the Postmen's association he was entitled to a full share, as if he had served in the district the whole twelvemonth. He sued the association before a justice of the peace and won his case. The association appealed, and the decision was reversed. The postman counter-appealed several times, always unsuccessfully until he at last brought his momentous action before the court of cassation, the equivalent of the judicial committee of the house of lords. There his appeal was argued by no less a counsel than Maitre Mornand, who was one of the leading advocates in the Dreyfus revision case before the court of cassation, and equally great lawyers spoke on the other side. The court finally decided that the postman was entitled to no larger share of last year's Christmas boxes than he received.

A Portrait.

"Evidently this is a wrong tige., but it is an original animal." Such was the verdict of a discerning Japanese critic, given at a time when the subject of our sketch burst upon the literary firmament. He was born in 1865, educated in the school that he afterward made ridiculous in "Stalky & Co.," and was famous in Indian journalism before he was 20. Ten years ago he filled the whole stage of contemporary letters, but there has been an adjustment of values. In a sense not to be emphasized, he is the "Man Who Was," though his grip is still irresistible. A great critic has called his characters vulgar, though admitting him to be an artist. When he is not politician or theorist or philosopher, he is fitfully a genius. In a crisis his voice can be the nation's, and it is then that it is most impressive. That is why his appeal is usually general and not personal. His biggest effect of laughter or tears is departmental. The fire and the whirlwind are his, and the still, small voice in such rare utterances as the "Recessional" and "Sussex." Mr. Thomas Atkins would go through fire and water for him. That is because his name is Rudyard Kipling.—T. P.'s Weekly, London.

DEBTOR EVER IN SHACKLES

Good Rule Is to Pay Cash, Keep the Interest, and Debts Cannot Then Accumulate.

He who is in debt seldom smiles.

There are debtors who are certain of their debts and never lose sleep, but there are debtors by the thousands who are forced into the money marts and who emerge with momentary relief and a burden of interest on the heart as well as on the money.

Debt makes many a line across the face and brings age to a hurried autumn.

The man who makes a debt should be sure he can smile after it is made.

When the day of maturity begins to round the home stretch and makes its rapid strides to the line of maturity—when the debtor counts his dollars that he thought would be on hand for his payments and finds that they did not roll in as he expected—when the day of debt payment passes under the wire and the man goes out to pay for the race he seldom goes like the man who has a bankbook in his hand for any emergencies.

Debt hovers over a home as a pending danger. Forgetfulness and worry take the place of bright spirits. Sleep flits around and will not settle to repose on the slumberer.

Like death, the merchant and the farmer who enter the list of debts face the same penalties.

The well-fed man begins to lose his buoyances. His eye is not full of mettle and fire of former days.

The debtor feels guilty. Guilt will not permit a clear countenance. It carries a shadow, however faint.

The man who buys on credit is a debtor.

He is asking the dealer to lend him the money and he pays the interest. The dealer is not in business for his health any more than the real money lender. His interest is frequently larger.

There is a rule that men have found for keeping a strong eye and a clear conscience: Pay cash, keep the interest; debts will then not accumulate.

It's an easy rule to give, but, oh, so hard to follow.—Memphis News-Scimitar.

Police Hoaxed by Clever Thief.

The police of Essen, Germany, are searching anxiously for a man who has hoaxed them in a most flagrant manner. Going with a hand-cart to the central police offices, where about fifty special officers are engaged, the man said he had been sent by the electric supply company to remove the bulbs, and that they would be exchanged for new ones before dusk. He was allowed to take nearly 200 bulbs, and several of the officers actually helped him to remove them. When darkness arrived and the new bulbs were not forthcoming the police rang up the electric light company to remind them of the omission. The reply was startling and left the police "very much in the dark." The company declared they had sent nobody for the bulbs, and knew nothing of the matter; in fact, only a fortnight ago they exchanged the old bulbs for new and more expensive ones. Then it dawned upon the police that they had allowed, and even assisted a bold thief to make a rich haul from under their very noses. Nothing has since been heard of the thief, and just now it is dangerous to speak about electric bulbs in the hearing of an Essen policeman.

Passing of Lord Mayor's Poet.

Lord mayors no longer possess their own city poet, whose duty it was to compose, for an annual stipend of six pounds sterling, the "Triumph," or official poem, in honor of Lord Mayor's day, and similar pageants. There is a large collection of these "Triumphs" in the Guildhall library, worth the attention of historians for their topical allusions. The last of the city laureates was Elkanah Settle, once considered a serious rival to Dryden—by whom he was satarized as "Doeg"—though his poetry, as Wilkes remarked to Dr. Johnson, matched the queer combination of his names. Although a most prolific writer, and a turncoat who could have given points to the Vicar of Bray, this unhappy poetaster did not prosper. He was reduced at last to play "the green dragon" in a Smithfield show, and died a poor brother of the Charterhouse.—London Chronicle.

Belongs to the Children.

"De ol' folks enjoys de Chris'mus," said Brother Dickey, "but der enjoyment is what you might call 'diffunt.' Dey enjoys it kaze de l'il' folks makes 'um. Hits de one season er de year w'en do chilluns own de house fum de garret cl'ar down ter de front do' wid nobody ter dispute de claim; w'en dey makes de days so lively de growlers hatter take ter de woods, an' ez fer de nights—well, dar des ain't no res' 'twel Sleep comes an' coaxes 'um ter quiet wid sweet dreams. Ter be sho' de ol' folks enjoys Chris'mus, kaze de chilluns makes 'um 'member what a time dey use ter have w'en dey wuz l'il' chilluns, an' de Night Win' use ter skeer 'um ez it rumbled in de chimbly, an' dey hearn Mister Santy Clau' reindeer runnin' 'crost de snow-kivered shed, in de deep middle er de col', col' night!"—Atlanta Constitution.

To Live Long and Happily.

Make a habit of regular daily relaxation. If you are a woman and head of a home lie down in a darkened room every afternoon, even if only for 20 minutes. If you are a man of affairs don't carry the affairs farther than your home doorsill. Above all, don't allow yourself to become accustomed to fault finding. Don't look on the dark side of life. Cheer up.

Washing Off Suspicion.

Old Hobo—Well, say, w'at are yer washin' yer mits fer—tryin' ter kill de fish in dis brook?

Young Hobo—No, tain't dat; but I ain't goin' ter run no chances o' bein' took fer a "black hander," see?—Boston Herald.

In the City.

Friend (looking over Brown's unfurnished flat)—And what is this passageway for?

Brown—Passageway! Great Scott, this is the dining room!—Boston Transcript

JUSTICE FOR POOR

SPLENDID DEED TO CREDIT OF NEW YORK LAWYER.

Man of Eminence at the Bar Devoted His Time and Money to Defense of Unfortunate, Friendless Woman.

A shrinking woman in the shadow of the electric chair, or certainly of a prison cell, with a little girl clinging to her, was a spectacle in the New York criminal court that fixed the attention of the city and, in a way, of the nation. It was a character in the old story of a husband's infamy and a wife's sorrow, of a tragedy in which the woman was strengthened by desperation and sent to his death the brute who assailed her and stood forth with blood upon her hands, although not in any real sense a murderer.

Here was one of the cases that often are railroaded through the courts. Only a woman of lowly station, without a string of friends or influence, without glit-edged or, indeed, any other kind of counsel, she seemed fated to go to death, or at any rate to immurement in a cell and her child to be left to the buffeting of hard fortune. But in New York, so careless of the individual in its competition for life and position; in New York, where poverty abounds and suffering is reckoned in grand totals; in the great American metropolis was set the example of giving the fullest justice to the poor. Instead of the court assigning for the woman's defense some failure or legal incompetent, with a pittance of a fee, to do the perfunctory work of making a defense, one of the leading lawyers of the city was given the case, with a fee of $500. With as much ability as he would have displayed in the defense of a million-dollar client—perhaps with even more heart—he built up the woman's plea until it was made a bulwark of security about the frail life.

Then the jury was given the case. For ten minutes it remained out. To deliberate upon her guilt or innocence? By no means, but to raise a purse of $500 with which to send her out from the hall of stern determinations into the sunshine and solace that $500 would bring a woman seeking to take up again the thread of a broken life and make that life count for the good of her child. The big lawyer, for whom it meant a personal cost of $1,000 to prepare the case, has the use of his fee already planned. He will give it to the woman who is debtor to him for her liberty. Well might the foreman of the jury thank him in behalf of the client for his fine spirit and remark that if there were more lawyers of his sanding to take a similar course there would be fewer innocent persons in prison. This instance should be an incentive to other courts and lawyers. The adequate defense of the unprotected is the noblest service the courts or the lawyers can render.

Formation of Desert.

Whole provinces of the Tibetan borders of China have been converted into uninhabitable, sandy desert, which centuries ago were fertile and well-watered and supported rich cities, apparently in consequence of the destruction of forest. The formation of desert is due in the first place to the destruction of forest, the consequent formation of a barren, sandy area and the subsequent spreading of the "disease" or "desert ulcer" by the blowing of the fatally exposed sand. Sand deserts are not, as used to be supposed, sea bottoms from which the water has retreated, but areas of destruction of vegetation—often both in central Asia and north Africa started by the deliberate destruction of forest by man, either by artificial drainage starving the forest, or by the simple use of the ax or fire.

Cavein Swallows Tree and Yard.

A novel mine accident occurred at Luzerne, Pa., during the night when, following a cavein in the Black Diamond colliery, the entire front yard at the residence of N. C. Honeywell, an apple tree 20 feet high, a coal shed, the fence, two cellar walls and a large portion of the cellar entirely disappeared. Not even the topmost branches of the apple tree are visible. Fortunately the house, although greatly shaken, stood and the occupants were able to get out safely. In the morning they abandoned it. The subsidence is now 30 feet deep. It is spreading slowly and it is feared adjoining residences will be affected.

Bottomless Roswell Lake.

Bottomless lakes are a tradition, as the greatest depths of water, salt or fresh, have some kind of a ground formation under them. Roswell lake, in New Mexico, is so small that a stone can easily be hurled over it, yet it has a depth of over 800 feet. The water looks a deep green, but it is so clear that objects dropped into it can be seen for yards and yards as they go deeper into the water. It is supposed that this lake and others in the same chain tap the subterranean waters of the Pecos valley, the plains waters having in the course of time dissolved the gypsum until the deepest bedrock has been reached.

Will Be Presented at Court.

Miss Katherine Packer Hill, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. David Jayne Hill, will be presented at the German court on January 15, the emperor and empress presiding at this largest function of the year. Miss Hill has been carefully educated at Dresden and Paris and speaks four languages, besides being an accomplished musician. Miss Hill is with her parents in Washington at present, but will leave the first of the month for Berlin.

Never-Ending Grind.

Gunner—Poor chap! There is always a mob howling for his scalp.

Guyer—Indeed! What does he follow?

Gunner—Well, in the baseball season he's an umpire.

Guyer—Oh, he's not so badly off. He has peace in the winter.

Gunner—No; in winter he is complaint clerk in the gas office.—Chicago New

LITTLE ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Be happy and perhaps you'll be good.

No man is as mean as his wife sometimes thinks he is.

It is human nature to want to abuse some one occasionally.

Are the belles in society for the purpose of giving it tone?

The favors you get for nothing are often worth that much.

Silence sometimes gives consent and sometimes it gives offense.

A woman says it's easy to flatter a man, but hard to keep him flattered.

Women are like babies; they have to cry for nearly everything they want.

Isn't it better to be a chicken-hearted bachelor than a hen-pecked husband?

A person who uses his brain has an excellent excuse for keeping his face closed.

All men think they are manly, but the majority are entitled to another estimate.

Nearly every little man has a doctrine that he believes the world will finally accept.

Some men enjoy a show only when there is fifteen minutes' intermission between the acts.

There are too many real troubles in the world, so don't worry about the imaginary ones.

When the world begins to applaud a man for his actions his head gets too large for his hat.

The heart of a coquette is like a street car, inasmuch as there is always room for one more.

And many a man will go out of his way to avoid saying a good word in behalf of his neighbor.

Adam fell in love with Eve—and the fall of man has been a continuous performance from that day to this.

When a man hands you a "come-any-old-time" invitation it is equivalent to an invitation to remain away.

There seems to be a good deal of human nature in a motorcycle that makes more noise than an automobile.

After a woman has been married about a year she is willing to admit that her husband doesn't know it all.

When jealousy flies out of the window it usually takes love along if for no other reason than to keep from getting lonesome.

If men and women would forgive each other as readily as they forgive themselves this wouldn't be a bad old world to live in.

Some men get more pleasure out of losing $5 on a game of chance than they do from earning $10 by the sweat of their brows.

After the average man has reached the three score and ten mark he can sum his life up in these few words: "What a fool I've been!"

Every man knows himself better than other people know him, therefore every man ought to swallow flattery with several grains of sodium chloride.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

A shiftless man's favorite saying: "O, we'll get along somehow."

Women are modest enough until a doctor begins asking them questions.

The fact that you don't believe it, isn't particularly convincing to others.

We don't believe the men look for second wives as industriously as they used to.

When your wife buys a new hat, how much attention does she pay to your taste?

The man who "talks things over" frequently, is apt to waste a great deal of time.

You can usually tell the difference between a renting farmer and an owning farmer.

There is such a thing as luck. If you are a small eater, and a slow eater, you are lucky.

Every man who gets up picnics thinks that really he should be known as "The Rain Maker."

Women think one of the best things that can be said about a man is, "He isn't hard to cook for."

If a man has only two dogs, his neighbors, when speaking of him, say he has a "pack of dogs."

You can't judge a family happiness by the fine sentiments worked into the cardboard mottoes on the wall.

Don't grow old: If you are not invited to picnics any more take your fried egg out near the well and eat it there.

Walk toward a big mirror, and ten to one you will remark that you have a more awkward walk than you imagined.

If you are as unselfish as you expect others to be, you feel as badly when it rains on someone else's picnic as when it rains on yours.

WHEN NO MAN'S A FAILURE.

When he loves his work for itself as well as for what it brings.

When he puts ideas and ideals into his work.

When he can put a little humor into his work.

When he is more anxious to do favors than to ask them.

When he gets on by helping others up instead of pulling them down.

When the harder he is knocked down the quicker he can pick himself up.

When he is willing to admit that he is in the wrong and unwilling to worry about it.

Thoughtless.

"Yes, George," said Mrs. Golightly, argumentatively, "but if, as you say, it's so difficult to get food to the men in lighthouses in the winter why do they build them in such out-of-the-way, dangerous places?"—Tit-Bits.

Letting Him Know.

Fortune Hunter—I'd like to make the acquaintance of that Miss Goldbag. I'm told she's got $5,000 a year and no incumbrance.

Candid Friend—And, what's more, she's not looking for one.—Scraps.

USE HOTEL SAFES

MANY SEEM TO PREFER THEM TO DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Valuables Are Kept in These Receptacles by Guests for Years at a Time—Some Notable Instances of Fact.

A woman walked up to the counter of a fashionable hotel and asked for a package of valuables which was in the safe.

"If I had not wanted one particular thing I suppose I should have left the package where it was for another three years," she said to the clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk in answer to a question after the woman left, "that packet had really been in our safe for three years. Why, we have all sorts of valuable papers, jewelry and even money that are entrusted to our keeping for years at a time. People seem to prefer a hotel safe to a safety deposit vault. One reason, perhaps, is that it costs nothing. Another is that the standard of hotel clerks has improved.

"It is astonishing the amount of jewelry that people keep in hotel safes. Of course, the owners have originally stopped in the hotel, but they go away, leaving their valuables, and I have known such persons to be gone as much as two years and never make an inquiry about their property in that time.

"To show you how much confidence people have in hotels and their employes, I might mention that the other day a man came in here and put four $1,000 bills in an envelope, wrote his name on the latter and asked me to put it in the safe. Not long ago a man actually did the same thing with seven $10,000 bills."

The clerks of several other hotels talked in a similar strain without any outside suggestion.

"I'll bet I have handled more than a million dollars' worth of jewelry today," said one. "Look here," and he opened the safe and plied six or eight big jewelry cases on the counter, but hurtedly put them back. "In one of those I know there is over $200,000 worth, and what I showed you was only a few of what the safe contains."

Up at a big hotel near the park the employes are greatly concerned about the freedom with which a wealthy foreign woman who is stopping there displays her jewels. Every evening she wears a rope of pearls that goes once around her neck and then falls to her knees, to which is attached a lorgnette.

Everybody who has seen the jewels has exclaimed at their size and perfect matching, and wealthy patrons of the house who have sold as well as bought jewels say the necklace is worth not a cent less than $200,000. The owner went the other day into one of the big jewelry houses and business was immediately suspended while everybody crowded about to admire the necklace.

How It Started.

Now, when Jacob had given the "savory kid soup" to Isaac, and the latter, pleased with the gift, had given to his son the much-sought-after paternal blessing, lo, Esau stuck his head through the tent flap and did pour molten words upon the trick which had scabbed him of his birthright. And after some hours, when his anger was well-nigh spent, he shot the topic sentence straight:

"Why did you do it?"

Then did Isaac call him near and look into his face. Also did Isaac smack his lips and point to the remains of the repast and say:

"I love my Esau, but oh, you kid!"

Whereupon Noah, who happened to be strolling by, carefully tucked the jest into oiled paper and did put it into the ark, whence, with much odor and more odium, it was brought forth by humorists some 4,000 years later.—St. Louis Republic.

Not Fair Game.

The citizens of Caribou are enraged over the actions of a hunter who recently shot a pet deer of the neighborhood. During the forest fires last summer an employe of the Portage Mill company captured a fawn, which he brought to his home and had cared for since. The fawn grew up around the dooryard and became thoroughly tame. It would travel about the town, calling on the neighbors, always returning to its home for the night. It was the pet of the community. One day a hunter driving through the town saw the deer in the street and shot it. The indignation of the citizens was something fierce, and it was only through the counsel of the wiser ones that the slayer escaped bodily harm.—Houlton Pioneer.

Old Enough to Have Sense.

That a man is never too old to get into trouble was illustrated the other day in the Columbia county court, Pennsylvania, when William Moser, aged 95 years and looking every day of his age, a veteran of both the Mexican and civil wars, was tried before Judge Evans on a surety of peace charge. Mrs. Clara Ball, an elderly lady, and a neighbor, accused him of threatening to burn her house, and with throwing stones at her. The veteran had Mrs. Ball arrested on the charge of threatening to kill him. Their homes were but six feet apart, and Moser was a tenant of Mrs. Ball. Judge Evans told the litigants that they were both too old to get mixed up in court and directed them to go back home and live peaceably.

Museum in a Prison.

Paris is to have yet another museum of the revolution. It is to be fitted up in the Conciergerie prison, and the two apartments devoted to it are to be the Salle des Girondins and the cell occupied by Marie Antionette. This cell is to be fitted and furnished exactly as it was when the unhappy queen awaited her fate in it, and a number of authentic relics are available. Among them are included the queen's velvet-seated armchair, the lamp by the light of which she wrote her last letter, and the simple black wooden crucifix which she kissed on her departure to the place of execution. A credit of 1,000 francs has been voted for the purposes of the museum by the Paris municipal council